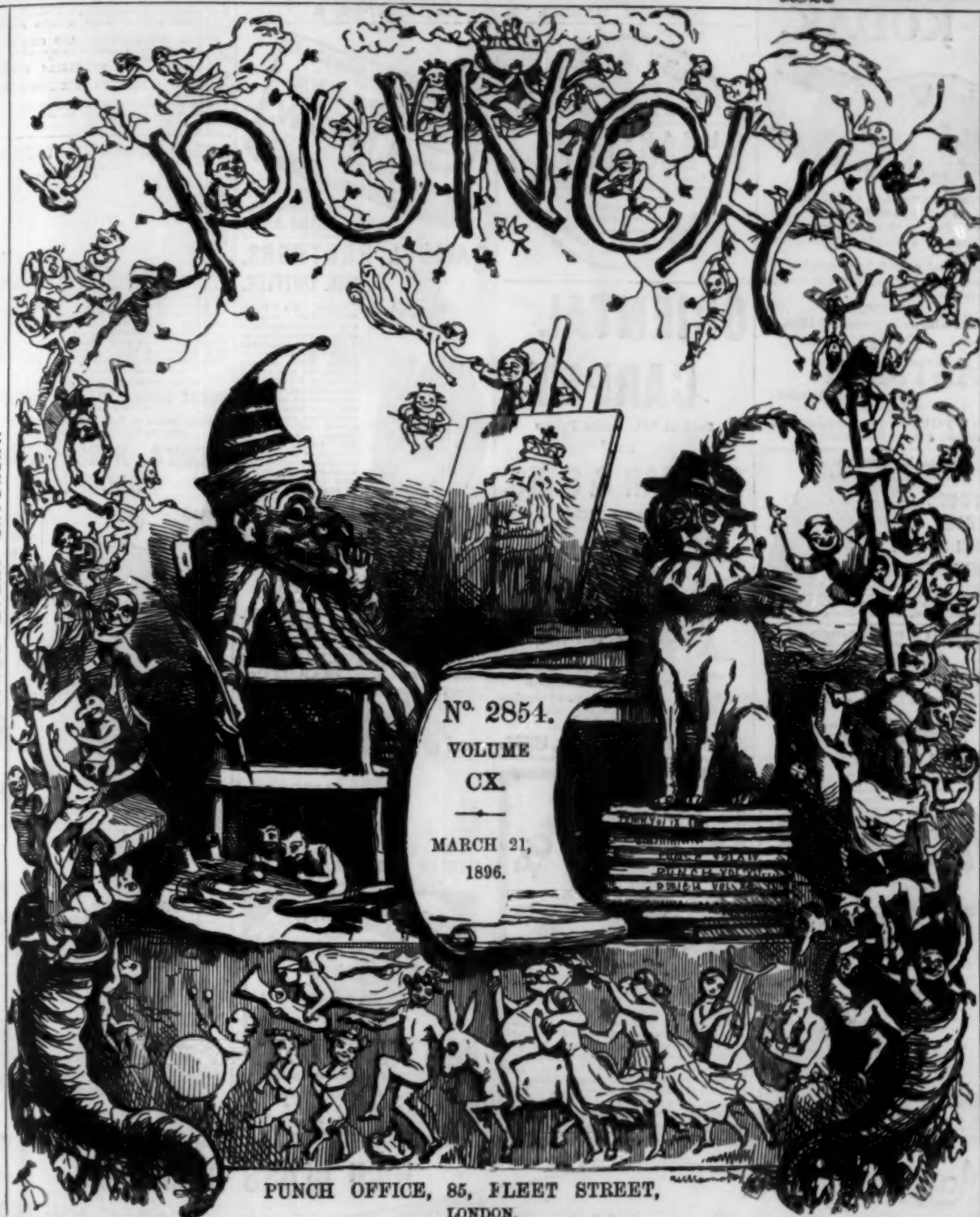


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FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA
"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

PARNASSUS PRESERVED

(From the Machinations of Parker Smith.)

To "edit" our new Laureate
BALFOUR at once refuses;
Since no department of the State
Is managed by the Musea:
Poetry's triumph is immense!
How could it be immenser?
Although incapable of sense
She doth not need a censor!
She's free to shirk that arduous task
Beauty to blend with high sense;
And is not called upon to ask
For a poetic licence.

Mem. for Football Prophets.

THERE is many a slip
'Twixt the Cup and the "tip."

VICE VERSA.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS is not in complete possession of his own voice, though he has that of the Academy, unanimously, for the Presidency. Meeting him the other day, a sympathising friend observed, "My dear Sir JOHN, if you have the Academy dinner this year you'll require a deputy to speak for you." "I can get a lot of people to 'speak for me,' bless 'em!" replied the President. "You see," he continued, "it isn't a deputy I require: what I want is, as a cooter would huskily call it, 'a vice.'"

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—Why should not the sails of Lord DUNRAVEN's new yacht, *Cari-ad*, be utilised by eminent pill makers?



Doctor (meeting village dame, after calling on her husband). "YOUR HUSBAND'S VERY LOW!"
Wife. "Oh, MR. BLANDFORD, SIR! OH, HE'S ALLERS BEEN MOST RESPECTABLE!"

RUS IN URBE.

(A Cockney Rhapsody.)

As I stroll through Piccadilly,
Scent of blossoms borne from Scilly
Greet me. Jonquil, rose, and lily,
Violet and daffydowndilly.
Oh the feeling sweet and thrilly
That these blossoms flounced and frilly
From soft plains and headlands hilly
Bring my breast in Piccadilly!
It subdues me willy-nilly,
Though such sentiment seems silly,
And a bunch, dear, buys your WILLY,
To dispatch, by post, to MILLY,
Dwelling, far from Piccadilly,
In moist lowlands, rushed and rilly,
Blossomy as Penzance or Scilly.
Sweets to the sweet! "Poor Silly-BILLY!"

You may say, in accents trilly,
When the postman in the stilly
Eve, from distant Piccadilly,
Bears this box of rose and lily,
Violet and daffodilly,
To the rural maiden, MILLY,
From her urban lover, WILLY.

P.S.
Dry as toke and skilly,
Is this arid Piccadilly,
Notwithstanding rose and lily,
All the beauteous blooms of Scilly,
Rift of that flower of flowers—
MILLY.
So, at least, thinks
"SILLY BILLY."

A CHIEF NOTE-TAKER.—A canny Scot suggests that, in view of the many unprotected children running about the crowded high road of Kilburn, the place should be re-named Kill-bairn. Stick to your BURNS, douce mon!

A WORD AGAINST GUSH,

AND FOR "THE OLD GANG."

(Not by Algernon Charles Swinburne.)

THE Queen of the Sea said one morning:
"The mightiest of statesmen on earth
Are themes for the lute-thrummer's scorning,
And matters for minstrelsh mirth.
With bothers and pother
I'm having a bad time;
To school me, and rule me
I'll try the lords of rhyme."

"Their verses pipe praise of my story,
My power is the theme of their choice.
The wrath of my waves is their glory,
Sea-storms, they declare, are my voice.
They fear it who hear it.
(Though poets have told me
They sicken, sore-stricken
When they are on the sea.)

"As lords of my fate and my keepers,
In charge of my shores and my ships,
I'll try these sweet chirpers and cheepers,
Who love me so much—with their lips.
They're haters of traitors,
False friends or foes desoried.
They'll shatter and scatter
My foemen far and wide."

"There's ALGERNON, rapid in rancour;
There's WILLIAM, who girds at Turk guile;
There's ALFRED—on him I may anchor;
There's LEWIS, on whom the Rads smile.
They deem them, or dream them,
Greater than the great dead;
They're sunken, and drunken,
In patriot wrath, blood-red."

"I'll try their afflatus in action!
Weg's gone, and his place is not known;
While faction is squabbling with faction,
Like dogs who contend for a bone.
They care not, they spare not,
When at each other's throats;
They muster, and bluster,
"Blind ranks and bellowing votes."

"The poets are now my sole peerage!
They will not come shuffling their mobs;
Of singers it seems the small-beer-age,
But—bardlings won't perpetrate jobs.
The sobbing and throbbing
Of lyres my State may save;
They sneer not, and jeer not
At Britons rule the Wave!"

Alas! the Bards split into parties,
As bitter as bitter could be.
Yelled ALGERNON, "Hireling! True Art is
To sing—upon shore—of the Sea!
In justice, my trust is;
If foeman nearer creep,
Fierce curses—in verses—
Will drive them to the deep!"

Wailed WILLIAM: "Our past was right royal,
But duty no longer we heed.
Dashed ABDUL laughs at us, disloyal,
We sacrifice glory to greed.
No nation holds station
More low than England now.
Oh, Britain, gold-bitten,
CAIN's brand is on thy brow!"

Moaned ALFRED: "Oh, rhyme without reason!
Our England is calm, not asleep.
To rail at her thus is high treason,
Her bastions of brine she will keep."

The wages of ages
Of commerce she has kept.
Fame fails them, shame veils them,
Who dare suggest she—sleep!"

"Nay," LEWIS retorted, "we know it,
This brag about power and fame,
You call yourself patriot and poet?
The glory you hymn is our shame!
Doom darker and starker
Is standing at our gate;
Those Tories our glories
Will shadow,—sure as fate!"

THE QUEEN muttered: "Ah! much I mis-
doubt me!
E'en Bards are not all on one side.
I'd best bind my armour about me,
And look to my statesmen for guide.
These singers are slingers
Of mud, like party bands.
Lute twanglers are wranglers,
And fight, with grubby hands!"

"If ALGY meets ALF at my gateway,
They pause and shy stones by the gate.
If WILLIAM sees EDWIN, why straightway
Each other they slangwhang and slate.
My story, my glory,
They sing, but, oh, dear me!
Power rose not, and grows not,
By—gush about the Sea!"

A NAVAL QUESTION.—MR. ROBESPIERRE TAPPERTIT writes from the Jacobin Club, Seven Dials, to inquire whether Mr. GOSCHEN ought not, like CHARLES THE FIRST, to be impeached for endeavouring to levy ship money?



LADIES NOT ADMITTED.

"VERY SORRY, MISS MINERVA, BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT THIS IS A MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENT."

[“The lady students of the Universities have received a cruel series of rebuffs within the last few days. On Tuesday week the Congregation of the University of Oxford refused to admit them to the B.A. degree. On Tuesday last it followed up this blow by rejecting all the resolutions proposed as alternatives. Yesterday the Cambridge Senate inflicted the unkindest cut of all by practically imitating the ungallant example of Oxford.”

Times, March 13, 1896.]



Sympathetic Passer-by. "BUT IF HE'S BADLY HURT, WHY DOESN'T HE GO TO THE HOSPITAL?"
British Workman. "WOT! IN 'IS DINNER-TIME!"

ARRY ON BLUES AND BLUESTOCKINGS.

DEAR CHARLIE.—'Ooray for old Hoxford! She's give the bluestockings wot for! Miss Minerva is chucked, and no muffins! That Peri wot wet at the door Of TOMMY MOORE'S Parrydise, CHARLIE,—a pome I'd to mug as a kid,— Must 'ave felt pooty much like the lydies to whom the B.A. is forbid.

Quite right and serootnoodleous, CHARLIE! Wot next, and wot next, and wot next? I tell you, old man, it's fair monstrous, the way we get worried and vexed, Us men as is men and not mollies, by Woman's Rights 'umbug and sloop; And it's yum-yum to find there's still Dons as can twist Mrs. PARTINGTON'S mop.

I'm not Hoxford or Cam'bridge, was luck!—'cept, of course, at this time of the year, When I've got my small bit on the Boat Race, as Hoxford will land me, no fear. She 'as pulled me through pr'p'r some seasons, and so I still back the Dark Blue. And I'm happy to see there's no chance of her running a feminine crew.

Dark Blue don't mean bluestocking, CHARLIE, and lor, there's some comfort, old chap; We're a deal too much petticoat-govern'd, a rule as means treacle and pap. A nice bit of frock is all right, while she plays second fiddle all through, But not as a Bachelor of Arts, or the stroke of a 'Varsity crew.

Fact is, women are sneaking our rights, hunder cover of claiming their own; And it's time as us men put our foot down, afore the she-sarpint's full grown. A good manly crusher, dear CHARLIE, whilst woman is hunder our 'eel, Will save us a dollop of trouble, as no doubt the 'Varsities feel.

Keep 'em out, my dear boy, keep 'em out! They've bin creeping and creeping for years.

No, it ain't as I'm down on the donahs as donahs;—I love 'em, the dears! But as cricketers, footballers, doctors, M.P.'s, and the dickens knows wot, Likewise B.A.'s and that, I agree with the Dons that it's all tommy-rot.

A man as is really a man, mate, and not a mere molly in bags, Knows that women was made to knock under, in spite of them Radical rags. While us men set the pace, my dear CHARLIE, no doubt we can romp in in front; But if aemales git sprinting away, on their own, see mayn't be in the 'unt.

And that's wot they're arter, my pippin, as won't do at no price at all. They may mug up, and pass, and all that, but they musn't shoes men to the wall! Lor' life's a 'ard row, as it is, and our easies is wonderful few; But we must 'ave the pull in the pace, and we must 'ave first cut at the screw.

BETSY BOWHEM, B.A.! There's a picture! Minerva is drawn with a owl; Does she think that a 'Varsity Don is a similar species of fowl, As big and as bleared in the goggles, as blind to the true time o' day? No, no, ailing your hook, Miss Bluestocking, and cart your old poultry away!

"Wot do you know of Hoxford, or Cambridge, of college or knowledge, young fool? The cheap sporting pypers your books, and the streets and the "public" your school; Your B.A. degree Braggart Ass, your exams. in back-slang and the hoddas! Yah! Stick to your gutter snipe patter, and don't touch the girls or the gods!"

So snaps snarly old SNIFE of our club. Was a schoolmaster once, so 'tis said; But 'is duds are as seedy as *Guy Fox*, 'is nose end 's remarkable red. But if I say one word agin women, or progress, 'e always chips in, And gives me wot for 'ot and 'ot,—till I stand 'im a rum or a gin.

Poor old himage, 'e 'as got a tongue on 'im, rough as a old reaping 'ook. 'E mayn't 'ave a brown in 'is pouch, but 'e 'as there a greasy old book. By some Latin line-faker named 'Orris, on wick 'e will browse by the hour, With a tot of rum 'ot and a pipe, 'appy,—ah! as a bee in a bower.

But talk agin larning or lydies, and don't the old donkey wyke up, And go for yer like a old lion, or leastways my tarrier pup! For there's more snap than roar in old SNIFE. Well, I worrit 'im awful some-times, But a lotion, a pipe, and a screw always makes 'im forgit arf my crimes.

'E brags of some blooming Greek donah called SAYFO, or some sech a name, And swears as the 'Varsity Partingtons won't, in the end, win the game; For knowledge can't be, like Dutch rivers, diverted by dykes and by dams, Or kep to one sex by tradition, or cramped up by curses and crams.

Still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, I'm glad as that B.A. degree Isn't copped by the bluestockings yet, wick is all bloomin' fiddlededee. As the women are welting on now, no one knows wot next fort they will carry; But Hoxford, no doubt, will feel 'appy to 'ave the approval of

ARRY.



THE JOYS OF SCANDAL-BEARING.

"I SAY, BOUNDERSON—YOU KNOW THAT RATHER RUMMY STORY YOU TOLD ME ABOUT LITTLE SCHNECK, THE VIOLINIST, AND THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ST. AMERGRIS! WELL, I MET JOE CADNEY ON WEDNESDAY, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK! HE'S GOT THE WHOLE YARN FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIDDLESTICK AND ALL!"

"OF COURSE HE HAS. I KNEW THAT."

"THEN, WHY THE DICKENS DID YOU MAKE ME SWEAR ON MY OATH NOT TO BREATHE A WORD OF IT TO ANY LIVING SOUL, ESPECIALLY NOT TO JOE CADNEY!"

"BECAUSE I WANTED TO HAVE THE FUN OF TELLING HIM ALL ABOUT IT MYSELF, YOU JUGGINS! WHY, I TOLD HIM THE VERY NEXT DAY!"

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Don't be shocked, but I have been Bohemianised! Shall I dare to confess it? I have been in front at a Music Hall!! After all, *Ce n'est que le premier faux pas qui coûte!* The way it came about was in this wise. LORD ARTHUR RANTIPOL, who is on the best terms with all the theatrical and musical people, begged my dear friend MRS. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS (*née de WILKINS*) to accept a private box, which had been placed at his disposal by the manager of the Eldorado Theatre of Varieties, and she very kindly asked me to join her party. At first I demurred, knowing that papa is so very particular, but the curiosity which we all inherit from the Grand Old Gardener's wife overcame my scruples, and now I not only do not regret the escapade but long to repeat it, feeling quite *boulevardière* and *outré Manche*. LORD ARTHUR and a young poet, MR. SWINBURNE JENKINS, who has written a play, which the cruel LORD CHAMBERLAIN refuses to license, accompanied us. I was rather surprised that MR. JENKINS should have condescended to visit the Eldorado, but, throwing back his raven *chevelure*, he assured me that the most brilliant gems often coruscated in the most tenebrous caverns. "He's alluding to his father's coal pits," said LORD ARTHUR; "why the Eldorado is the most delightful den of wickedness in Europe." I really began to think myself a female DANIEL when his lordship alluded to dens, for he is such a fashionable *bon* himself. Not young, but so *distingué*, a *chevalier* whom it would be impossible to mistake for a waiter in his *habit de soir* even without the tasteful silk waistcoat, which a Great Personage has commanded to be *à la mode*. He is one of the most affable

of noblemen, and the stately manner in which he pressed me to accept a glass of soda-water mingled with *eau de vie* would have done honour to a Doge of Venice on his nuptials with the Adriatic. LORD ARTHUR has what is called a speaking countenance. A flash from his steel-grey eyes made the lacquey who supplied our refreshment tremble when he was found wanting in no less a sum than threepence in the change of half-a-sovereign. I recognised the alcohol in an instant. It is one which is only to be procured not a hundred miles from 3002, Milk Avenue, E.C., and the soda-water had all the sparkle of that supplied to the Royal Family by the best Manufacturer in Great Britain. (You see, darling, that I can still circumvent a malicious and ungrateful Editor.) But *revenons à nos agneaux*. The Eldorado is like a Moorish dream, a revival of the glories of Granada, when the crescent bade defiance to that Castle which is now only famed for an exceedingly emollient soap. The canary silk hangings of our box could not have cost less than three guineas a yard, and the great crimson velvet curtain which hung behind the footlights would cut up into court dresses for Arch-duchesses. Everywhere the lustrous eyes of Electra look down upon the lavish display of gold and crystal which ornament this temple of harmonious luxury. How LORD ARTHUR could call it a den passes my poor comprehension. But then to those reared in feudal palaces a *recherché* villa at Clapham would be but a mean domicile. All the gentlemen in the audience were smoking. I confess I liked to see this dissipation. It made the expedition ever so much more *risqué*, especially when naughty MRS. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS insisted upon taking some whiffs from MR. JENKINS's cigar at the back of the box. LORD ARTHUR, who is a confirmed quizz, said if MRS. P.-N. puffed too much she would ruin her complexion. *Quel drôle n'est ce pas?* The entertainment on the stage came upon me with the agreeable shock of one's first attempt at swallowing an oyster. It was so strange and yet so delicious. The ballets appeared to me to be worthy of the Court of SARDANAPALUS, and I could not help clapping my hands vigorously when Mlle. MOLLET, the *première danseuse*, executed a series of bounds, which a chamois could scarcely have equalled. I noted that this exquisite Terpsichorean reveller wore a necklace of pearls, which, if not Roman, would certainly have ransomed RICHARD CŒUR DE LION twice over. LORD ARTHUR tells me that it is no uncommon thing for the highest members of the aristocracy to pay tribute in kind to the talents of *les belles des coulisses*, and that some of them have to hire policemen to escort them to and from the theatre. Well, such is the just reward of fame! A vocalist, who sang in a language which I did not understand—LORD ARTHUR said it was called Yiddish—convulsed the house with his drolleries, but I preferred a lady who balanced ninepins on the tip of her somewhat up-tilted nose. Everybody got up and cheered when a singer, dressed as a Field-marshal—such a leonine man, not unlike LORD W.-L.-Y.—warbled a splendid patriotic ditty with this stirring refrain:—

"For battle I am all arrayed, | Of Germany I'm not afraid,
I do not care for life or limb; | For I can fight like Doctor JIM."

MR. SWINBURNE JENKINS said that "limb" and "JIM" did not rhyme, but the people did not enter into this question of poetic license. They only roared the chorus. The closing item of the programme was a number of *tableaux vivants*. I can only draw a veil over the performers. Heaven knows they wanted it badly enough. LORD ARTHUR said the effect was "most fetching," and even MR. JENKINS praised some of the *poses* as being "ineffably Greek." My hostess was rather indignant with LORD ARTHUR when she asked him "How would you like to see me as *Diana*?" and he answered, "Very much; so long as I wasn't cast for *Actæon*." No one but an Eton and Oxford man could make such classic repartee. But something astonished me more than the living pictures. As we were leaving the place we passed a refreshment alcove where some noisy people were drinking together. One man gave vent to his hilarity in a very familiar tone. I turned to look and there, filling a lady's glass with champagne, was PAPA, *le père noble* of our domestic circle! No wonder that I clutched MR. JENKINS's arm with such unmaidenly fervour that I felt him wince under the pressure, and was it not natural that on arrival *chez moi* I should pass the night suffering with *migraine*? My misguided parent does not know that I saw him, and I have only one *rayon de soleil*—he didn't see me. Meantime I am fasting for my sins, and can highly recommend this *potage maigre*. Stew half-a-dozen sticks of macaroni in a pint of water, add two sprigs of finely chopped parsley, the rinds of two lemons, a sliced shalot, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer slowly. Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADY.

OLD SONG REDRESSED, FOR THE BENEFIT OF BARON POLLOCK AND MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.—"Oh, Willis, we have missed you."

NEW PRONUNCIATION OF THE ABYSSINIAN EMPEROR'S NAME.—MANY-LICK.

UNDENIABLE COURT PLASTER.—The front of Buckingham Palace.

BY THE BEACH.

II.

THE TRELAWNEY BROWNES have arrived. They made their appearance this morning. They were on the Parade for an hour or two, three of them, two girls and a man. Young SMITH's glass was glued to them for five and twenty minutes. "Clippers, bejove! Clippers!" he murmured, as he followed them up and down. "Ah!" he said to ADA, "there's style for you, if you like! That's what the French people call *ayclar*, you know."

Young SMITH rather prides himself on his French accent. Last summer he went over to Boulogne for a day, and for a month or two afterwards (when he happened to think of it) he had almost forgotten his English. "Ah!" he continued, still studying the new-comers through his glass. "What an *air distangy*! Those frocks hail from WORTH's or the Luvver, or I'm a Dutchman, ADA!"

ADA's eye followed the direction of the telescope, and the smile died on her lips. Was it jealousy? Presentiment? The shadow of coming events? Poor little ADA! Beside these "clippers" she looked a mere nobody, and she was conscious of it.

Young SMITH is a wonderful judge of character. At the very first glance he decided that the new comers had "style," and before the morning was out he overheard the following conversation, which confirmed his judgment.

"The Colonel won't be down for another week, ALGY," said Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Really?" drawled her brother.

"No; he is detained in town by Parliament."

"Awful bothaw."

Young SMITH pricked up his ears. Colonels, even common Colonels, were a cut above him; but Colonels who sat in Parliament! Phiou!

"You had a letter from Sir GEORGE this morning?" asked the second Miss TRELAWNEY BROWNE.

"Ya-as. The Ba'net wants me to go north for the last of the hunting, you know."

Young SMITH's eyes dilated. Baronets and hunting! It was not every day that young SMITH listened to talk like this. Before tea-time all Little Puddleton knew what he had heard. "They seem nice sort of people these TRELAWNEY BROWNES," he said; "well connected, and all that sort of thing. I heard young BROWNE say that some Baronet had asked him to go hunting."

Young SMITH has an elder sister, and her name is MADGE. Young SMITH does not think much of her—"not one of my sort, you know;" but HARRY JONES, ADA's fifth and favourite brother, reckons her divine. There is nothing HARRY wouldn't do for MADGE. He has called his cutter after her; he blacked a boy's eye because he said she squinted; and, when he is in funds, he brings her packets of fruit-tablets from the penny-in-the-slot machine. The other day HARRY caught sight of ADA's photograph. ADA was frightened, for HARRY is a great tease, and she thought she would never hear the end of it. But HARRY was intensely interested. He wanted to know how much it cost. ADA couldn't tell him. He supposed it could be done cheaper without a frame? And ADA thought yes, certainly it could.

A few minutes afterwards HARRY was down on the beach in consultation with the photographer. The regular charge was sixpence each—a shilling for a group of two. Would that include a frame? No, only a pink paper mount. A frame was fourpence extra. HARRY's face fell. He would give the world to be taken with MADGE SMITH, but he had



"WHAT BAIT ARE YER USIN', BILLIE?"
"WHAT ARE YER TRYIN' TER CATCH—MICE!"

"CHEESE."

only fivepence-halfpenny. It was no use asking Pa for anything, he was such an old screw; and ADA! ADA had half-a-crown in her purse, but she was not allowed to change it. Could the photographer possibly do it for less? HARRY hated bargaining; but, hang it! what was a fellow to do? Well, yes, to oblige the gentleman, the photographer thought he might take the two for ninepence. Fivepence-halfpenny from ninepence, that left fourpence-halfpenny—no, threepence, wasn't it? HARRY could never tackle arithmetic, and, when there was a fraction, he always felt uncertain. He thanked the photographer, and said he would think of it. Half the day he spent devising schemes to raise the residue. He volunteered to rig out JOHNNY's boat for threepence, and to mend the little Robinson-boy's cycle-horse for a halfpenny. His offers were declined with suspicion. Paltry as the sum was, there seemed no possibility of

getting it, and HARRY sat about all the afternoon, biting his nails, and frowning. He was, in fact, quite metamorphosed. Pa JONES did not once have to tell him how many bad accidents he had seen, and Ma JONES began to fear he was developing influenza. The whole household was altered. Not one raid did HARRY make into the nursery; not one doll did he Jack-the-Ripper; not once did he pull the twins by the hair, nor smack little TODDLES's head. ADA alone had an inkling of his ailment, and offered her sympathy; but HARRY would none of it. He sat apart in melodramatic silence, brooding over his wrongs, and cursing the fate that left him to struggle through life on such a limited income.

"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—Appropriate address to a miser residing at the Antipodes.



OPPORTUNISM.

Mrs. Verdant Green (who is parting with her German Governess). "Oh, BUT, FRÄULEIN, YOU WOULD NEVER DO FOR THE ST. ALBANS; THEY'RE ROMAN CATHOLICS, YOU KNOW; AND YOU GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND, WHEN YOU CAME TO US, THAT YOU WERE OF AN OLD LUTHERAN FAMILY."

Proud Daughter of an Ancient Race. "ACH, VORKIP ME, MATAM, FOR LETTING YOU SINK I WAS A BRODESTANT! I WAS REALLY A ROMAN CASSOLIC ALL ZE TIME; LIKE MY NOBLE ANCESTORS IN ZE MITTLE AITCHES, ZE COUNTS VON MEYER-OFFENHEIM ZU HIRSCH-GOLDSMID-ROSENBERG, WHO FOUGHT IN ZE GEURATES!"

THE SUNDAY PLEASURE-SEEKER'S
VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Thoughtful Man in the Street.)

Question. I may take it that you are satisfied with the Division in the House of Commons concerning the Sunday opening of museums in the Metropolis?

Answer. Certainly; the more especially as it is the first time that such an event can be recorded.

Q. And the fact that the majority of the House are Conservatives adds to the triumph?

A. Quite so, as the Opposition are generally accepted as the only supporters of progress.

Q. If the London museums come to be opened as proposed, what will be the probable result?

A. That for several weeks those places of instruction, if not amusement, will be crowded on the day added to the list.

Q. And afterwards?

A. Then, judging from provincial precedents, the novelty will wear off, and the number of Sunday visitors will fall to the level of the average week-day attendance, or even lower.

Q. Will the Old Masters have a beneficial effect on the average artisan?

A. It is to be hoped so, although sceptics and scoffers may urge that the Old Masters have not done much to improve the taste of persons moving in a more exalted sphere of Society.

Q. Have not Free Libraries been a sweet boon to the working-man?

A. That is a matter open to doubt; at least, so say many influential ratepayers.

Q. But will not the picture galleries—Old Masters apart—keep the artisans on a Sunday out of the public-houses?

A. Not if they are only opened from two to six, when the taverns are out of competition.

Q. Then the licensed victualler has no cause for apprehension?

A. On the contrary, he should be able to discover cause for satisfaction in a movement that may possibly increase his profits.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. I consider that the licensed victualler will find, when at six o'clock the galleries close and the taverns open, that many of the picture-inspecting crowd will seek his now legally hospitable establishment clamorous for suitable refreshment.

A SOMERSET SONNET.

Of a Sunday morn, as I do sit out door
'Gin parch, I do arften zee what volks mid carl

A garden-bed, zim zo, but middlin' smarl,
By which wold Missus zet a deal o' store.
You never ha'n't a-zin its like avore.

Wi' roses red an' white, an' shart an' tarl,
An' stocks an' poppies, daffydils, an' arl,
Zo bright as any rainbow 'tes for sure.

I beant a-tarkin' 'bout our garden gay,
What vor'd a man be makin' rhymes upon it?
An' tidden garden-flow'rs I do mean no way—

But arl they flow'rs to Missus' Sunday bonnet!
Well there must stop—schoolmeister he do zay

"Tee varteen lines do go to make a zonnet.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE CRITICAL COUSIN TO THE LADY
FOOTBALLER.

I CONFESS I'm surprised, cousin KATE,
At the sport that you've chosen to play—
But your reasons I don't under-rate,
For, of course, with a will there's a way.
And your will I have known for so long,
And your way's irresistible might,
So whether folks say it is wrong
Doesn't matter, so long as you're right.
You're a picture, when dressed for the fray
In your jersey of delicate green,
While your smart knickerbockers display
The trim shape of—you know what I mean.
Your ruddy gold locks are tight curl'd
In a knot 'neath your gay tassell'd cap;
You're the prettiest boy in the world!
I shall certainly call you "old chap!"

Your kicking is—well, quite A 1,
And you move with a great deal of ease;
But why does a feminine run
Involve such a knocking of knees?
You dribble with marvellous zest,
Yet never give chance of a fall;
But, it strikes me, you're just like the rest,
A little bit scared by the ball.

'Tis a spirited sight, I admit.
What! a goal from your tip-tilted toe!
A hit, KATE, a palpable hit!
There was no one to stop it you know.
There—I've often indulged in the game
That I learnt at the best of all schools;
But I'm blest if this football's the same!
When you've done, dear, do teach me your rules!



THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR (*the head of the Firm*). "LOOK HERE, UMBERTO, ALL WE CAN SAY IS, IF YOU DROP ANY MORE IN 'ABYSSINIANS,' WE MAY HAVE TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP."



"A REUNION OF ARTS."

At the Savoy Theatre Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and W. S. GILBERT, recently re-united, have produced a new opera, entitled *The Grand Duke*. "The long and the short of it" is exemplified in the two Acts: the second being not nearly so long as the first. It is of the old Savoy popular pattern, but a good deal of "cutting out" is



still essential. About a third of the first Act and an eighth of the second, including the "Roulette song and chorus," might be omitted with advantage. Also for the conductor to catch at the slightest possible indication of a wish to encore is a mistake. "When in doubt, play trumps"—but don't give an encore.

The GILBERT and the SULLIVAN
Once more are hand in hand,
With BARRINGTON, Miss BRAND-
RAM too,
The last of former band.
Consented have Sir S. and G.
A point or two to strain,
And D'O'ILEY CARTE, with gladsome
heart,
Cries, "Here we are again!
No matter what has gone before,
I only ask for just one more!"

And so a two-act opera,
Unequal acts, they wrote;
Sir ARTHUR did the tuney tunes,
With GILBERT for his "pote."
CHARLES HARRIS puts it on the
stage,

FRANK CHILKER beats the time,
Not much of reason I engage
Is here, but lots of rhyme!
Though what about it all may
be,
Is, I admit, a mystere.

At 8.15 begins the show,
With chorus, girls and men;
Fun kept alive by BARRINGTON;
Piece ends 11.10.

PASSMORE, when seen, is comical;
Miss PERRY's voice earns praise;
Madame VON PALMAY should
recall

Savoyard Palmy days.
It pleases and it puzzles,—but
One thing is clear,—it must be
cut.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ABOUT the time violets begin to peep forth in sheltered woods, *Burdett's Official Intelligence of the Stock Exchange* also comes out. It is in its fifteenth year, and if disclosure were made of the particular infants' food on which it has thrived, it would make the fortune of the nutriment. Sixty years ago MACAULAY, reviewing Dr. NARES' *History of Burleigh and his Times*, summed up the merits of the book by the remark that "it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois." No public weighing machine being within convenient distance of my Baronite's humble residence, he cannot fully follow MACAULAY's method of criticism. But in the matter of pages and their size, BURDETT beats NARES. Two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven is the number of pages of the *Official Intelligence*, each crammed with information. Amongst new matter, it contains an article on the operation of the Sinking Fund, of peculiar interest just now. In it will be found the germ of the idea Mr. GOSCHEN has adopted for meeting the added expenditure on Naval Works.

By an undesigned coincidence Mr. FROWDE has simultaneously issued from the Oxford University Press the *Prayer Book and Hymns Ancient and Modern*, beautifully printed on India paper, daintily bound, and held together in a morocco case. In bulk each measures 1½ inch by a shade over two. Yet so marvellous is the print, so delicate the workmanship, that they are easily read. With Mr. BURDETT's massive tome under his arm and Mr. FROWDE's masterpiece in his waistcoat pocket, a man may go through life with the happy consciousness of possessing the largest and the smallest book of modern days.

"To those who desire good company," writes one of the assistant readers, "I can heartily recommend *Green-room Recollections*, by ARTHUR W. ABECKETT (ARROWSMITH'S). The little book is a model of what such books should be; genially discursive, bright, unpretentious, and abounding in good stories admirably told. From his well-stored memory the author produces a series of amusing recollections dealing with his profession. CHARLES KEANE, BUCHSTONE, FECHTER, FRANK MARSHALL, PADDY GREEN of EVANS'S, PALGRAVE SIMPSON—all these and many others has Mr. ABECKETT seen and known, and of all of them he has some good story to tell. If I must select where all are good, I take as my favourite the account (on p. 218) of how the author and his brother, then very small boys, assisted a Polytechnic lecturer with pea-shooters while he was conducting his audiences through Rome. To receive a succession of peas full in his face while he discoursed on the city of the CÆSARS must have been a terrible trial to a staid lecturer. Nothing, too, could be better than the story of 'Oonah,' produced at the Haymarket by EDMUND FALCONER. 'It began at seven o'clock sharp, and was still being played at one o'clock the following morning.'

What induced a skilled teller of romances, such as, undoubtedly, is MAX PEMBERTON, to waste his own and his reader's time in writing such stuff as *A Gentleman's Gentleman*? The idea is Thackerayan, and what he would have made of it it is not difficult for the admirers of *Barry Lyndon* to imagine. But this story, though it has all the advantages that large print, good margin, and the being contained in one handy-sized volume, can give it, is disappointing and wearisome.

A Stroke in Time saves Eight.

"Time is money." We're frequently paying
Through the nose for this apothegm old.
But at Oxford they have a new saying,
"Tis that Cambridge will find time is GOLD."

BURNS ON BILLS.

It is reported that Mr. JOHN BURNS objects to bill posting on the London County Council hoardings. Probably this is the first time that the ratepayers were informed that the L. C. C. hoarded anything, as the bills posted by them never contain saving clauses, but generally refer to increased expenditure, and, in fact, refer to *postulata*, or more money to be required presently.

GOT HIS LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR.—Major-General G. C. BIRD, C.B., has been appointed to a First-class District in India. His administration is expected to be note-worthy.

THE NICK OF (PAST) TIME.—Sir HENRY MEPHISTOPHELES COLVILLE, K.C.M.G.—Knight Commander of the Mummer Guards.

THE BITTER CRY OF MR. WILLIAM CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.—Pure beer!

ROTATORY KNIFE (AND FORK) MACHINES.—Pullman Dining Cars.



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "NOW THEN, LITTLE BOY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BULLYING THAT LITTLE GIRL! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY CRUEL!"
Rude Little Boy. "GARN! WOT'S THE TROUBLE! SHE'S MY SWEETHEART!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE."

THIS book, by Mr. STEPHEN CRANE, has been praised in the most extravagant manner by all sorts of critics. I have no wish to detract from such credit as may attach to Mr. CRANE for having taken a subject outside of the ordinary run of subjects, and for having treated it in an unconventional manner. I venture, however, to suggest that the book does fall short—very far short—of the high level to which most of the critics assign it, and that it falls short for very obvious reasons, which cannot fail to suggest themselves to anyone who reads it with a desire to estimate it impartially according to those standards which are generally accepted amongst students of literature.

THE book professes to be the story of a youth

enrolled in one of the Northern regiments during the American Civil War. I said "story," but, as a matter of fact, there is no story in the usual acceptance of the word. The youth—he is scarcely ever called anything but "the youth," the expression occurring with dismal iteration on every page—the youth, as I say, appears vaguely as in a cloud, he commits dialogue and perpetrates a chaotic series of self-analysis, he flits from the battle-field, returns to it, analyses himself over and over again, is understood to behave heroically, and finally vanishes back into a thick mist of impressionism. Of story, in truth, there is absolutely nothing; not a single character is clearly defined, scarcely an incident is described in such a way as to force upon the reader (upon one reader, at any rate,) that over-mastering sense of its necessary truth which is the mark of really great fiction.

In the second edition of *The Red Badge of Courage* are to be found excerpts from some of the Press notices which hailed the first edition. In one I read that "Mr. STEPHEN CRANE's picture of the effect of actual fighting on a raw regiment is simply unapproached in intimate knowledge and sustained imaginative strength. . . . This extraordinary book will appeal strongly to the insatiable desire to know the psychology of war—how the sights and sounds, the terrible details of the drama of battle, affect the senses and the soul of man." "The reader," says another, "sees the battle not from afar, but from the inside." "This, we feel instinctively, is something like the reality of war." These are samples of the eulogies which have been liberally showered upon *The Red Badge of Courage*.

It will have been noticed that the common note struck by the reviewer is the masterly analysis of the reality of war. This is curious, for it turns out that Mr. CRANE is a young man of the age of 24, who, being an American, has presumably no personal knowledge whatever of the emotions he undertakes to describe. And it may further be assumed that nine out of ten of his critics are in a similar case. These, therefore, who are ignorant of war and its emotions testify to the absolute reality of war-pictures, painted by one who has himself never been near a battle. I am conscious of the retort that may be made, and I am prepared to admit at once that I myself have never fought through a battle or been near one; nor have I ever occupied the position of referee at a football match. All I say is, that this very confused and disjointed account of warfare does not impress me as being anything like what the real thing ought to be; and I may go further, and add that, written, as it is, by a young American of 24, it cannot possibly possess the quality of "intimate knowledge" with which it has been almost universally credited by those who have reviewed it.

I HAVE read many stories of war, some imaginative, some written by men who had borne a share in the fighting. I have spoken to many men who have fought—modest, manly fellows, for the most part, and by no means inclined to exaggerate either their own heroism or that of their companions. And, putting aside all the tawdry nonsense of romancers, who give you merely the tinsel glitter of war, I much doubt if "the youth" whose heart-searchings are described in *The Red Badge of Courage* is at all a common type. The mass of men may not be brave to desperation; but they are braver, I take it, than this poor, sickly, sentimental, hysterical fool, who is constantly engaged in probing his own sensations when he ought to be loading and firing his rifle. The great battles of the world have all been fought by common men, and common men in the mass are brave and not cowardly. MICHAEL HARDY, who is commemorated in Sir EVELYN WOOD's book on the Crises, was a common man; the heroes of the 14th Regiment of the French army who perished almost to a man at Eylau, were common men; so were the sergeant and his men to whose memory Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE has dedicated *The Red Thread of Honour*, one of the noblest and most stirring battle-poems in our language. And for myself, I prefer the heroes of *The Red Thread of Honour* to the miserable creature who is dimly revealed to us in *The Red Badge of Courage*.

I HAVE said nothing of the literary and grammatical style of the book. Here are two examples. "Buried in the smoke of many rifles, his anger was directed not so much against the men whom he knew were rushing towards him, as against the swirling battle phantoms which were choking him." "A lad whose face had borne an expression of exalted courage, the majesty of he who dares give his life, was, at an instant, smitten abject." On the whole, I cannot in the least agree with the reviewer who declares that, "as a work of art, *The Red Badge of Courage* deserves high praise. As a moral lesson that mankind still needs, the praise it deserves is higher still."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

SOME weeks ago I asked JONES what he would recommend as an investment. "Well," he said, "if you want something perfectly safe to pay not quite three per cent—" "My dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "But," he continued, "if you want something profitable, just a spec. you know, keep your eye on 'em, and sell out as soon as they rise, why not try that Debenture Corporation? If you'll sit still a minute, I'll read you the full title." Then he took an old prospectus from a drawer, and began, "The Imperial and Colonial Pioneer Land, Finance and Exploration and Amalgamated and Consolidated Gold, Diamond and Miscellaneous Mines and Agricultural, Sheep and Cattle Breeding and Ostroth Farming Estates of West Africa and South Australia Mortgage Debenture Corporation, Limited." I waited patiently till he had finished, and then I drew a deep breath and recovered. "You would recommend," I said, "some shares in the—in that—how on earth can anyone remember all that name?" "Oh," he said, "we don't bother about the full title, we call 'em Imps." So I bought some Imps.

Then my trouble began, for JONES had told me to keep an eye on the quotations in the papers every day, and sell out as soon as the shares rose. That is what I have been doing, and my eyesight is failing, for every newspaper prints every day, in a different place and in the smallest type, the quotations, which vary every hour by sixteenths or by thirty seconds. And the evening newspapers, which are the most exciting, since their quotations are the prices of the actual day, must of course set up and print these tiny

FANCY PORTRAITS.



[The Duke of CAMBRIDGE "can settle the whole matter in a graceful and dignified manner by declining in advance the £1800 a year."—*Times*, March 12.]

Cassius Mummus R. HON. ARTHUR B. L. F. R.
 Scipio Minor (Dux Nobilis) H. R. H. D. KE OF C-MEN-DGE.
 Cassius Mummus, HAIL, NOBLE CHIEF! HERE FROM MY HANDS
 RECEIVE
 THE GIFTS THE GODS PROVIDE!
 Scipio ("in a graceful and dignified manner"). I THANK THE GODS!
 BUT FOR A SOLDIER TIRED OF WAR'S ALARMS
 THERE'S NO REWARD, SAVE VIRTUE! ALL THE BEST
 IS DRESS! I'LL NONE OF IT! YET FOR YOUR COURTESY
 I THANK YOU.—"The Roman Warrior," Act Last.

figures in such a hurry, that the part of most interest to me is often smudged and illegible. But, worst of all, every newspaper, morning or evening, has a different abbreviation of the company's title. Of course, in a line half an inch long they cannot print it in full. So in one I find "Imp. Col. Land Fin. Exp. Deb. Corp."; in another, "I. C. Deb. Corp. of W. Afr. S. Aust."; in a third, "Pioneer Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a fourth, "Imperials"; in a fifth, "Mines Estates Deb. Corp."; in a sixth, "W. Afr. S. Aust. Mort. Deb. Corp."; in a seventh, "W. A. S. A. Land Fin. Exp. Corp." and so on. I can never remember under which initial letter I shall find it in the alphabetical arrangement; I believe that several of the papers try a new abbreviation daily, and I am sure that I shall become blind or mad if I continue this search much longer. I wish I had bought Consols, the title of which never varies, and need never be abbreviated.

What are those shares now? Here's a paper. Has a new abbreviation been discovered? Yes. Here they are: "Am. G. D. M. Mines W. A. S. A. Corp." They have gone down $\frac{1}{2}$ since I bought them. But I shall sell them to-morrow.

A DIFFICULTY.

How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
 The songs have all long since been sung.
 Beneath the sun there's nothing new.
 How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
 Forestalled these many ages through
 By poet's pen and lover's tongue,
 How shall I turn a rhyme for you?
 The songs have all long since been sung.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 9.—Spectacle of good man struggling with adversity ever touches the well-regulated heart. Presented just now when WEDDERBURN essayed to load truck of proposed Light Railways with his speech, and run it over main line. Unfortunately for him this particular level crossing is guarded by a signal-box represented by SPEAKER'S Chair. Question before House was that Light Railways Bill, having been read second time, should be referred to Grand Committee on Trade. WEDDERBURN, as he winsomely mentioned, had prepared speech on second reading. Had several times attempted to catch the train on this particular journey; had always missed it. "And then," he said, with wail in voice, recalling memories of Glenoe, "the Closure was moved."

But everything comes to the man who waits, even for a lift by Light Railway. Subject up again now. Fortunately WEDDERBURN had in his pocket notes of second-reading speech. Would work them up into the truck forthwith. Perhaps if he hadn't uttered his lament over earlier misadventure he might have got in a few more spadesful before he was pulled up. But so pleased with this fresh opportunity, couldn't help chucking over it. Signalman in box on sharp look out. WEDDERBURN not reached second page of treasured notes before SPEAKER down on him with reminder that merits of Bill been fully discussed on second reading. Sole question now as to which Committee the Bill should be referred.

Only one chance of using up treasured speech. If Bill went to Grand Committee all was lost; if referred to Committee of whole House speech might be worked off, if not at one burst, then in cheerful spurts on succeeding amendments. Such a happy thought this! WEDDERBURN could not refrain sharing with the House joy of its possession. "The reason why," he said, "I wish to keep this measure in the House is because I have not been allowed the opportunity of speak-

ing in debate on the second reading." Whereat frivolous Members opposite burst into hilarious laughter, amid which WEDDERBURN wondering, sat down.

Mr. WEIR much touched at countryman's calamity. "If," he whispered, "you'll lend me your speech, I'll put it in the form of questions for you. At the rate of three or four a day they will carry you over Easter. Nothing easier. Take out a passage; put before it Query—'Is the right hon. gentleman aware;' stick note of interrogation at the end; and there you are."

Light Railways Bill safely shunted into Grand Committee Yard; House got into Committee on the Navy Estimates. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE uncompromisingly opposed increase; quoted, in support of argument, fate of the First NAPOLEON, and example of the Early Christians. This last fell a little flat, for, as Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES shrewdly observed, SAGE much more nearly resembles a late Pagan than an Early Christian.

Business done.—Voted the Men for the Navy.

Tuesday.—"Et tu BARTLEY?" GERALD BALFOUR murmured, looking with sad eyes below the Gangway.

Little been heard of the Blameless One since New Ministry formed, and he and Cap'en TOMMY left on the leechers. The CAP'EN stands by his old quarters, on second bench above Gangway. Has even appropriated corner seat once filed by Private HANBURY, now joined the officers' mess. But the Blameless BARTLEY to-day blushes below the Gangway in quarters where tea-room cabals are got up, Round Robins signed, and similar hints given to esteemed Leaders that they would have been wiser had they made other distribution of offices.

Business before the House, a private Bill promoted by Belfast Corporation. Under existing arrangements, 70,000 out of population of 250,000 have no voice in management of municipal affairs. Men in possession want to make things permanently snug on same basis. JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, waving Orange flag in face of Nationalist Members opposite, declares that Belfast is prosperous because it is

Protestant. Any attempt to remove bann from Catholic citizens would be immediately followed by desecration of the shipbuilding trade and limpness in the linen market. When B. B. rose from quarter in which BALLYKILBOO beats the Protestant drum, it was taken as a matter of course he would follow on same lines. In last Parliament, when he sat above Gangway, wanting to know when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was going to bring in his Local Veto Bill, any spare moments not devoted to consideration of that entrancing topic were given to banging Irish Nationalist Members about the head. House now had its breath temporarily taken away by hearing the Blameless B., in the familiar gruff voice and uncompromising manner, denounce the Belfast business as "unfair, unjust, un-English." "It seems to me, Sir," said B. B., "a monstrous thing that we should talk so much about justice to Ireland, and permit this outrageous anomaly in Belfast to continue."

COURTNEY had said much same thing half an hour earlier. Awkward things from that quarter not unfamiliar on Treasury Bench. But



"I'm Bountiful, Bashful Bartley!"

DILLON, not to be outdone by spokesman from other camp of United Ireland, condemned it as "inglorious and degrading." "Wicked and unnecessary" was Dr. CLARK's commentary, as he rushed in breathless, fearful that all the hard language would be used up.

This touched DON JOSÉ on tender spot. Pardonably proud of manner in which he has conducted this little war; to have it spoken of in these terms more than person even of his ordinary equability of temper could stand.

"Twas ever thus," said PRINCE ARTHUR, soothingly. "SCIPIO AFRICANUS had his PHILITI, you remember. If CLARK and WILLIE REDMOND had been in the flesh when SCIPIO came back to Rome, bringing his laurels from Zama, they would have moved to reduce the vote on account of the expedition by the equivalent to £100,000, bemoaning the exceedingly rude treatment of HANNIBAL."

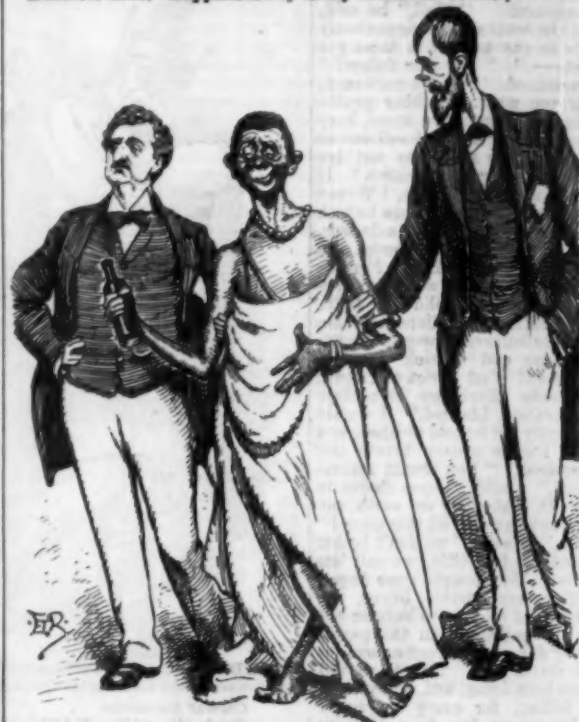
DON JOSÉ AFRICANUS appeared at table with ominous calmness of demeanour. Got on pretty well till DALRIEL interrupted. "As the hon. Member," he retorted, "has not read the Blue Books, he is probably going to join in the debate."

Gentlemen below Gangway howled with anguished indignation. PRINCE ARTHUR looked uneasily at clock; midnight approaching; must get vote; all going on nicely, and now the fat in the fire, fizzling up all round, turning to ashes hope of quietly snatching vote in that moment of exhaustion to which twenty minutes earlier Committee closely approached.

After this continuous storm, the Closure and TIM HEALY. TIM been in comparative retirement through sitting. Scented the battle from afar; drawn by irresistible chain. For some moments of wild delight, he stood shouting back contumely and scorn at gentlemen opposite, who wanted to go to division. DON JOSÉ having, with assistance of Closure, obtained vote in which he was interested, went off home. Hereupon grief of friends opposite broke out in fresh place, more than ever uncontrollable. House sat all night. In any

pause in conversation was heard the voice of WILLIE REDMOND crying aloud, "Where's CHAMBERLAIN?" and no answer came forth from the secretive Night.

Business done.—Supplementary Army Estimates voted.!



EVICTED FROM A-SHANTI!

King Pimpsh. "J'illy nice f'lers Re'mond an' Dill'n t' ahtan' up for a f'ler when he can' ahtan' up for 'imself! We won' go 'ome till mor'—(hie)." (And they didn't! House rose at 5.15 A.M.!)

Friday.—The REVERBERATING COLONN back again. Like his distant relation, the Colonne Vendôme, has been laid low by adversity. Set up again at last General Election; here he is to-night, shouting at the top of his voice for a full hour by Westminster clock. "Doesn't want much," as the bus conductor observed of the old lady who said she "wanted the Bank of England." Sir JOHN will be satisfied if Financial Secretary will lay on table for information of himself and the world generally, full particulars, now jealously guarded in pigeon holes of War Office, of the general scheme of National Defence.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK, one of few survivors of the speech, thinks not. The COLONN having made its speech offers to withdraw its amendment. House insists on negating it.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.



"A LATE PAGAN" BEFORE HIS ALTAR!
Mr. L-b-ch-re, as seen by Cap'n Tommy Bowles.

YET UNCOMMON!!!

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE,

'It is the Little Things that Rule this Life.'

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit; sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character; sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny!!'—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on; It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is Hidden from us. We know that his Play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he Never Overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—HUXLEY.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED FOR ANY CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS OF THE LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost,



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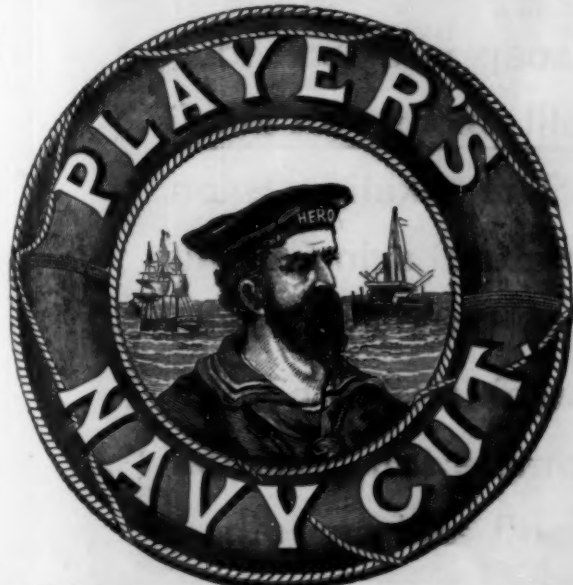
THE STOMACH AND LIVER AND THEIR TRIALS.—"Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overstated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation, and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to others. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, T. TURN.—To Mr. J. C. Eno."

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